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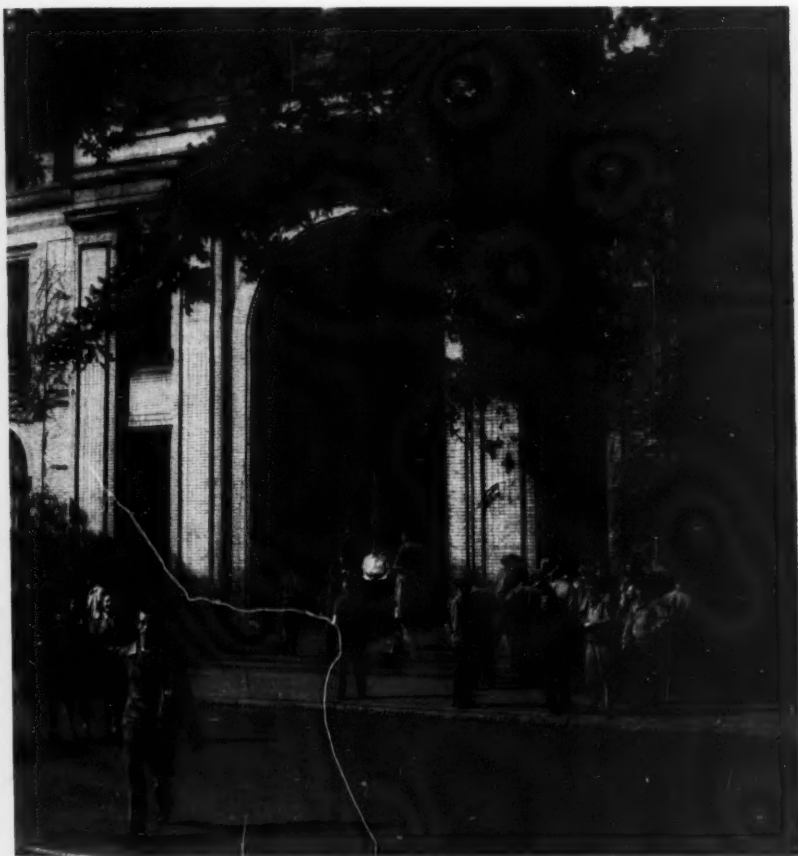
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VOLUME XVII PITTSBURGH, PA., NOVEMBER 1943 NUMBER 6

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SOLDIERS FROM THE ARMY SPECIALIZED TRAINING UNIT

At the Carnegie Institute of Technology

(See Page 164)

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

### THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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#### OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

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VOLUME XVII

NUMBER 6

NOVEMBER 1943

A murderer and a villain;  
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe  
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

—HAMLET

—41—

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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

—42—

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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### ANDREW CARNEGIE'S BIRTHDAY

The Carnegie Institute of Technology has always taken the occasion of Mr. Carnegie's birthday, November 25, to commemorate this date in the Music Hall with a program of exercises known as Carnegie Day. On this day, during later years, Dr. Robert E. Doherty, President of Carnegie Tech, has addressed the student body on matters pertinent to their relationship to their college and to the outside world. This year, due to the exigencies of wartime education problems, there will be no annual celebration of Carnegie Day, other than by an extended assembly period on the campus.

Andrew Carnegie was born in Dunfermline on November 25, 1835—one hundred and eight years ago. His benefactions, which have carried his name around the world, are of such magnitude that he will be known to men for many times one hundred and eight years. The chief aims in the distribution of his wealth have been to assist the spread of knowledge, to encourage self-help and industrious ambition, and to implant noble ideals of citizenship and brotherhood in the minds of the rising generation. The trustees of the Carnegie institutions in Pittsburgh keep these ideals constantly before them in the great work committed to them by the Founder.

### WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

We are fighting this war for the preservation of righteousness, law, and order, but above all for the preservation of the freedoms which have been conferred upon us by the glorious heritage of our American citizenship, and for these same freedoms in other countries of the United Nations.

—AMBASSADOR JOSEPH C. GREW

### FROM "AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM"

A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.  
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,  
While from the bounded level of our mind  
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise

New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,  
The eternal snows appear already past,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;

But, those attained, we tremble to survey  
The growing labors of the lengthened way,  
The increasing prospects tire our wandering eyes,

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

—ALEXANDER POPE

## THE NEW PRESIDENT

WILLIAM FREW, who on October 26 was elected President of the Boards of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, and Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, to succeed the late Samuel Harden Church, was born in Pittsburgh on November 24, 1881. He attended Shady Side Academy and St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and was graduated in 1903 from Yale University with the degree of B.A. In 1906, having received the degree of LL.B. from the University of Pittsburgh Law School, he was admitted to the Allegheny County Bar. During World War I, Mr. Frew served in the army, having the rank of Captain in the air service.

Mr. Frew's professional and business experience has been varied and extensive. In addition to his private practice of law, for several years he was an Assistant District Attorney for Allegheny County. Later, he became associated in a business capacity with the Union Trust Company of Pittsburgh, severing this connection to become a member of the brokerage firm of Hill, Wright & Frew. That firm was merged in 1932 with Moore, Leonard & Lynch, members of the New York and Pittsburgh Stock Exchanges, Mr. Frew becoming one of the general partners.

This position he is now resigning to devote his full time to the Carnegie institutions in Pittsburgh.

As directing head of the activities of the Carnegie Institute, the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, Mr. Frew is following in the footsteps of his father, William Nimick Frew, who was appointed by Andrew Carnegie as the first President of the Carnegie Institute Board, having previously been elected President of the Carnegie Library Board. When the Technical Schools were founded in 1900, he was appointed to head the Board of Trustees of that institution also.

William Frew, therefore, has been since his early youth, reared in the "Carnegie" tradition. Elected in 1917 as a member of the Board of Trustees, he has, at different times, served on all the committees. In recent years, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, he has devoted unstinted time and thought to the work of Carnegie Tech.

Our new President enters office with a clear vision of the needs and problems of the Carnegie institutions in Pittsburgh, and his fellow trustees are confident that under his leadership the future will be one of continued and expanding service to the community and the nation.

A.K.O.



WILLIAM FREW

## THE ARMY SPECIALIZED TRAINING PROGRAM AT CARNEGIE TECH

BY MAX E. HANNUM

*Manager, Bureau of News and Publications,  
Carnegie Institute of Technology*



MORE than one hundred thousand enlisted men of the United States Army are being trained in the classrooms and laboratories of many of the nation's leading universities and colleges in one of the greatest mass

educational projects in the history of the world. Designated as the Army Specialized Training Program, the plan was organized by the War Department in collaboration with civilian educators.

Since the Carnegie Institute of Technology was one of the first educational institutions selected to participate in the program—the original group of trainees arrived on the campus on May 9—and since Carnegie Tech's part in the program is now in complete operation, the Army Specialized Training unit here may be considered as fairly typical, and a description of its workings may help to explain the purpose and methods of the entire program.

The Army Specialized Training Division was established on December 18, 1942, under the supervision of Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, Commanding General, Army Service Forces. General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, United States Army, explained the objective of the program in these words:

"The Army has been increasingly handicapped by a shortage of men possessing desirable combinations of

intelligence, aptitude, education, and training in such fields as medicine, engineering, languages, science, mathematics, and psychology, who are qualified for service as officers of the Army. With the establishment of the minimum Selective Service age of 18, the Army was compelled to assure itself that there would be no interruption in the flow of professionally and technically trained men who have hitherto been provided in regular increments by American colleges and universities."

Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair, Commanding General of the Army Ground Forces, emphasizing the importance of trained leadership, stated:

"The speed of modern warfare demands leadership that can accelerate our operations by rapidity of thought and by the application of the most expeditious means known to modern science. Intelligent men who have been trained to think and who can apply scientific knowledge to the everyday problems in combat are urgently needed in the leadership of our combat units."

With the importance of the Army's educational program stressed by these high-ranking officers, a tremendous task was accomplished in less than a year. Colonel Herman Beukema was named Director of the Army Specialized Training Division, and the plans for determining which men should study in the program, which colleges were to be utilized, and what the curricula should be were worked out.

An advisory committee for the Army Specialized Training Division, consisting of prominent educators, was appointed. Robert E. Doherty, President of the Carnegie Institute of Technology,

is a member of this committee.

It was determined that men from the following groups would be potential candidates for the program: soldiers on active duty, regardless of age, who scored high in the Army General Classification Test and could meet certain educational requirements; soldiers with first-year advanced Reserve Officers' Training Corps training; high-school graduates not less than seventeen nor more than eighteen years of age who have passed the A-12 examinations; and candidates holding letters of appointment to the United States Military Academy.

The soldier on active duty is chosen by the Army Specialized Training Field Selection Board and is sent to a Specialized Training and Reassignment Unit. These units are established at specified colleges and universities to receive, house, and classify the soldiers named



THE SERVICE LINE IN THE MESS HALL

for the Army Specialized Training program. These units also select the qualified soldier for a specific course of study in the highest term for which he is found prepared and send him to an Army Specialized Training unit.

The term of the Army Specialized Training Program is twelve weeks, with an interval of one week between terms. The number of terms varies according to the curricula. In engineering, the program is divided into two phases—

basic and advanced—the basic being roughly the equivalent of the first one and one-half years of a college course. The advanced phase, opening with courses normally found in the second half of the sophomore year, carries the trainee to a point of development commensurate with the Army's needs. Advanced phase engineering studies, for instance, are in highly specialized fields.

With the broad general background of the Army Specialized Training Program ex-



A GROUP IN THE MESS HALL

These are students in the Foreign Language and Area section who eat with their instructor and speak only in the language they are studying.



AN EXPERIMENT IN THE PHYSICS LABORATORY

plained in the preceding paragraphs, we shall now consider the Carnegie Tech unit as typical, although the program here does not include all the branches of instruction listed by the Army.

Responsibility for the operation of the Army Specialized Training unit at Carnegie Tech is divided between the Commandant, Colonel Frank Z. Pirkey, and President Doherty. Colonel Pirkey is directly responsible to the commanding general of the Third Service Command for the discipline, military administration, military training, and health of the trainees. Under the direction of President Doherty, the Carnegie Tech administration maintains responsibility for all instruction, as well as for the messing and housing of the trainees.

Soldiers in five classifications are now studying in the Army Specialized Training Program at Carnegie Tech: Basic Engineering, Advanced Engineering—including Chemical, Civil, Electrical, and Mechanical Engineering; Foreign Area and Language; first-year advanced Reserve Officers Training Corps students who have had their basic training at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, and have been returned to college to continue their normal programs; and Army Specialized

Training Reservists—a group of enlisted reservists in the seventeen and eighteen year-old class on military scholarships, but on an inactive status.

Men in two additional classifications have also been a part of the Army Specialized Training Program student personnel. They were in groups known as 4-A and 9-A. The 4-A students were those who had had some

college work and were scheduled for refresher courses to prepare them for Advanced Engineering. The 9-A soldiers were men with training beyond that offered in the regular Army Specialized Training course. Many of them were graduates of engineering or technical schools. These men were sent to Carnegie Tech for advanced technical training and classification as to their specific talents. All in all, the strength of the Carnegie Tech Army Specialized Training unit has been about twelve hundred men.

The work load of the average trainee under the program includes approximately fifty-nine hours of supervised activity each week, as follows:

- 24 hours (minimum) classroom and laboratory work.
- 24 hours of required study.
- 5 hours of military instruction.
- 6 hours of physical instruction.

The typical weekly program for these soldiers in academic training is as follows:

MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY:

- Reveille, 6:30 A.M.; Breakfast, 7:00 A.M.
- Classes or prescribed study, 8:00 A.M. to 12:00 NOON.
- Dinner, 12:15 P.M.
- Classes or prescribed study, 1:00 to 5:00 P.M.
- Supper, 6:30 P.M.
- Study, 7:40 to 10:00 P.M.; Taps, 10:30 P.M.



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### SATURDAY:

Reveille, 6:30 A.M.; Breakfast, 7:00 A.M.

Dinner, 12:15 P.M.

Classes or prescribed study, 1:00 to 3:00 P.M.

Supper (attendance optional) 6:30 P.M.

### SUNDAY:

Breakfast, (attendance optional) 7:00 A.M.

Dinner, (attendance optional) 12:15 P.M.

Supper, 6:30 P.M.; Study, 7:40 to 10:00 P.M.;

Taps, 10:30 P.M.

At Carnegie Tech the Army Specialized Training trainees are housed in the men's dormitories, several of the men's fraternity houses, and other available rooms on the campus, which have all been converted into military barracks. Only upon special permission are any persons other than military department personnel permitted to enter the barracks. Each barracks has its own club room, where the soldiers may read, relax, or play table tennis or billiards.

The Commons is now exclusively an Army mess hall. Remodelled and en-

larged, it will accommodate one thousand men at each meal. The former Skibo Inn is now an Army barber shop and a center for laundry service and cleaning and pressing service. A post exchange is planned for the near future.

The compulsory physical education program is carried on under the supervision of the regular Carnegie Tech staff. Mass athletics, such as group instruction in boxing, wrestling, and rough and tumble fighting, are included in the program. One company formed its own football team. The same company organized an orchestra. One company publishes its own newspaper. There is a regimental basketball team.

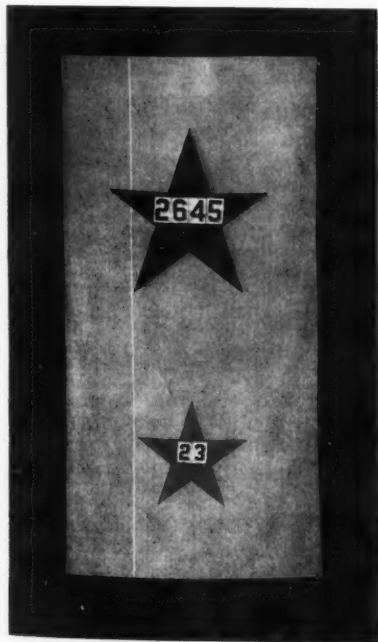
Soldiers serve on the Carnegie Tech student governing body—the Army Civilian Activities Council—which has supplanted the Student Council for the duration of the war. Army students play in the Kiltie Band, and trainees are helping to staff the various student publications.

The Army has moved in, but it has not engulfed the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Rather it has been absorbed into campus life. Carnegie Tech has a job to do for the Army, and it is doing that job by trying to make the individual soldier feel at home while he is receiving the training that General Marshall designated as so important in our all-out national war effort.

### A DECISIVE FACTOR

The combined American-British bomber offensive against the continent of Europe today gives promise of being a decisive factor in the ultimate destruction of the German citadel. It has for its objectives the reduction of German air combat strength to a virtual impotence; the disruption of vital elements of the enemy's lines of communications; the progressive destruction and dislocation of the German military, industrial, and economic system; and by the resultant psychological impact on the German people, the undermining of their morale and their willingness to continue to support the war effort. Thus the objective of the combined bomber offensive is the elimination of both the German ability and will to continue to wage war.

—GEN. GEORGE C. MARSHALL  
[Official Report]



THE CARNEGIE TECH SERVICE FLAG

## THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY OPENS A DOWNTOWN BRANCH



THE NEW BRANCH OF THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY

As a wartime move, the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh invaded the Golden Triangle on September 20 with its Downtown Branch. It is the Library's answer to the transportation difficulties of the times; since many book borrowers find it hard to come to the Library, it has gone to them.

At 442 Oliver Avenue, on the street level of the Union Trust Building, the new branch is within easy reach of those who work or shop in the business district. Hours of opening conform with those of the department stores, noon to 9 P.M. on Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. on other week-days. Borrowers' cards issued at the Main Library or any branch are honored. Residents of Pittsburgh who are not now registered can secure cards at the Downtown Branch without charge; the fee to suburban residents is \$3 per year.

The book collection is small but wide in its scope, containing a sampling from the Main Library's general collections of both nonfiction and novels. Because shelf space is limited, every book must prove its usefulness and readers will never need to handle any dead wood. Daily deliveries from the Main Library bring books that are requested at the branch library but which are not in its own collection.

The Downtown Branch in no way displaces the Business Branch, which has been operated for many years at 247 Union Trust Building. As its name implies, the Business Branch is a business and financial information center. The publications of Standard Statistics, Commerce Clearing House, Dun and Bradstreet, and the U. S. Department of Commerce are its best sellers.

Miss Katherine Crumrine, a graduate



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of the University of Pittsburgh and the Carnegie Library School, is in charge of the new branch. She has served as librarian of the Knoxville, Carrick, and Brookline branches. Miss Crumrine is assisted by Miss Barbara Daschbach, a

graduate of Pennsylvania College for Women and the Carnegie Library School, and formerly at the South Side Branch; and Mrs. Patricia M. Kennedy, who comes here from the East Liberty Branch.

## MUSEUM WINTER ACTIVITIES

THE CARNEGIE MUSEUM resumed its winter activities for children on Saturday, November 6. This means that the various Museum clubs will be meeting each Saturday morning through March for the benefit of the school children of greater Pittsburgh.

For any boy and girl between the ages of six and sixteen who is especially interested in natural history, there is the Junior Naturalists Club, which meets every Saturday morning at ten o'clock under James Kosinski, of the staff of the Museum section of education. Mr. Kosinski has explained the work of this group in his article in the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for March 1943.

The Carnegie Museum Nature Club, limited to students in the seventh and eighth grades, who have been selected by their science teachers, also meets

each Saturday morning at ten o'clock. The staff members of the Carnegie Museum are the teachers of this group of seventy-four boys and girls, with each staff member instructing the class in his particular field for three consecutive Saturdays. The section of botany gave instruction at the first meeting, with all the children present learning how to mount flowers and plants by actual practice during the morning, under the instruction of L. K. Henry, assistant curator of the section. The parents and science teachers of these children meet on Friday evenings at eight o'clock to receive the same instruction that the students are given on the following morning.

The Museum Natural Science Club is composed of boys and girls in and above the ninth grade, many of whom



THE JUNIOR NATURALISTS MODELING ANIMALS

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

are former members of the Junior Naturalists Clubs or of the Carnegie Museum Nature Club. Anyone interested in natural science is invited to submit an application for membership in this club, which meets each Saturday morning at nine-thirty o'clock under the sponsorship of members of the staff of the Carnegie Museum and the University of Pittsburgh.

Beginning also on November 6, and continuing through March 25, the Carnegie Museum is again showing free motion pictures in the Lecture Hall on Saturday at 2:15 P.M., to which all the children of Pittsburgh are cordially invited. Sound films on science, travel, and industry, as well as comedies, will be shown.

Regularly scheduled classes come to the Carnegie Institute every day during the week from Pittsburgh public, private, and parochial schools for extra-curricular instruction in the departments of the Museum and Fine Arts. Many other groups from surrounding districts, as well as those within the city limits, visit the Carnegie Institute during the school year.

## COMING EXHIBITIONS

**S**HORTLY after the close of the exhibition, "Painting in the United States" on December 12, the Department of Fine Arts will present an Exhibition of War Posters and Cartoons of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. There will be fourteen large posters, about three by six feet each, twelve cartoons, and sixteen handbills. These were secured by Lieutenant J. D. Stamm, U.S.N.R., who made the trip to Russia with Ambassador Davies. The items have been lent for exhibition by Lieutenant Stamm and the Soviet Embassy in Washington. The show will be installed in Gallery L, third floor. It will open on December 19, 1943, and continue through January 9.

The first show of the New Year will be an Exhibition of Russian Icons

and Objects of Ecclesiastical and Decorative Arts. They are from the collection of George R. Hann. It is probably the most important and largest collection of its kind in the United States. There will be about one hundred icons and over one hundred and fifty other objects in the show. It will open on January 12 and continue through February 22.

On February 28, 1944, the Department of Fine Arts will inaugurate an Exhibition of Paintings from Latin America in the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art. There will be about one hundred pictures in the show. The countries to be represented are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Cuba, Ecuador, Mexico, Peru, and Uruguay. The exhibition will continue through March 26.

## CARNEGIE MUSEUM RECENT PUBLICATIONS

### ANNALS VOL. XXIX

ART. 1—"List of the Tinamous in the Collection of the Carnegie Museum," by W. E. Clyde Todd, Curator, Section of Ornithology, Carnegie Museum. Price: 25 cents.

Discusses interesting findings that have come to light in the course of determination of 412 specimens, belonging to 61 species and subspecies above the average in quality, now in the Carnegie Museum.

ART. 2—"Observations on the Life History of a New Chalcidoid Wasp, an Internal Parasite of Ant-Lion Larvae," by George E. Wallace, Assistant Curator, Section of Entomology, Carnegie Museum. Price: 20 cents. Illustrated.

A description of a variety of *Stomatoceras rubra* Ashmead.

ART. 3—"Upper Cretaceous Fauna of the Asphalt Ridge, Utah," by I. P. Tolmachoff, Curator, Section of Invertebrate Paleontology, Carnegie Museum. Price: 30 cents. Illustrated with photographs of species.

A discussion of a small but typical assemblage of the fauna of Asphalt Ridge collected in 1932, as well as of later collections, enabling the whole fauna to be described here.

### HONEST CIVIL SERVICE

The very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts, bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party.

—JOHN C. CALHOUN, 1835

## THE PRINT EXHIBITION

*Selection of Contemporary Prints from the Pennell Competition*

By VIRGINIA LEWIS

*Department of Fine Arts, University of Pittsburgh*



JOSEPH AND ELIZABETH ROBBINS PENNELL have left a sum of money to the Library of Congress for the encouragement of printmaking in the United States. With this money there was held last year from

May to July what was known as the First National Exhibition of Prints. It was also known as the Pennell Print Competition since its prize-winning prints were purchased by the Library for the permanent Joseph and Elizabeth Robbins Pennell Collection. The competition invited any artist in this country to submit work in the graphic arts accomplished within the past year. The jury of admission was C. P. Minnigerode of the Corcoran Art Gallery, Ruel P. Tolman of the National Collection of Fine Arts, Macgill James, National Gallery of Art, and Marjorie Phillips of the Phillips Memorial Gallery. The jury of award was made up of John Taylor Arms, Stow Wengenroth, and Leicester B. Holland.

From the four hundred or so prints submitted and accepted for the competition, the American Federation of Arts has chosen one hundred and five for circulation and it is this selection that is now on view at the Carnegie Institute.

Such a bequest is an admirable one, conducive to the production of creative work in a field easily accessible to many people. It might be assumed that a competition of this nature would bring to light the best a country has to offer,

but this idea does not seem to be substantiated by the present exhibition. Of course this method has been used for many years to encourage artists, and if the present showing does not seem to justify it there may be numerous reasons. Perhaps the force of pressure naturally attendant upon a competition tends to lessen the vitality in and detract from the significance of a production as a creative work of art. It may be that some of our best printmakers have been too preoccupied during the past year to have worked creatively in this field. As Mr. Pennell himself states, in his book on etching, in pointing out that art suffers with war, "Many artists have given their lives; more have been ruined; and a few have found opportunities—subjects in the horrors and miseries of the war."

Perhaps the recent development of photographic reproductive methods—whereby the drawing as an expression in itself has been made increasingly available to people in magazines and newspapers—has lessened somewhat the importance of the print as an esthetic medium. If the print seems to have declined in popularity, the drawing as such may have risen in favor. And yet, as Mr. Ivins has indicated, in his recent book, "How Prints Look," history reveals that the esthetic quality of the print reaches its maturity only after the economic element has ceased to dominate.

Whatever the reasons, the graphic arts as represented in this exhibition seem to be somewhat at a standstill. One misses people first of all—John Taylor Arms, Adolf Dehn, John de Martelly, William Gropper, Paul Cadmus, Peggy Bacon, Harry Sternberg, Raphael Soyer, Will Barnett, Stow



"WUTHERING HEIGHTS"

Wood Engraving by Fritz Eichenberg

Wengenroth, Lawrence Kupferman, Fred Becker, Reginald Marsh, Elizabeth Olds, Mervin Jules, Asa Cheffetz, and a score of others, and the vitality they bring to an exhibition. On the other hand, new names appear, evidence of promise.

As a whole, one feels an incompatibility of these prints with present thought, and in many cases an inability to cope with it. There is little indication here of a strong social consciousness that one has learned to expect because of the magnificent attainment along these lines in the nineteenth century. The very nature of the media, the ease of production, the low cost, the freedom from esthetic folderol in the popular mind, at least, and the accessibility to great numbers of people make them suitable for expression of the social scene. But one searches in vain for the moving qualities of a Käthe Kollwitz. The consciousness of war is only mildly suggested by Freda Reiter in her somewhat placid lithograph,

"The Recruits," or again is but faintly reflected by Raymond Creekmore in his calmly conceived "Dawn Mission."

It is a fairly common thing to observe, in an exhibition such as this, a certain curiosity, on the part of the visitor, about the manner in which a print has been executed. Estheticians and art historians tend to minimize the importance of printmaking techniques as only a means to an end. They like to think it is the finished work of art that counts. Mr. Ivins has said that there are only two techniques of artistic importance, those of pictorial imagination and sharp-sighted, sensitive draftsmanship. But there should be a reason on the part of the artist for the choice of a specific medium, and because of the differences in method of each process they stand out as a separate field of art known as "prints." Let us consider them, then, in their natural categories of processes—the intaglio, including etchings, aquatints, and drypoints; the relief—woodcuts and engravings, linoleum cuts and simple color blocks; and the surface, made up of lithography and silk screen. While all are represented, an emphasis has been laid, as perhaps most suited to contemporary expression, upon the last two. Each, however, maintains its own prestige as a definite means of achieving a desired effect.

Reynold H. Weidner's "Hunchback Hill," a familiar kind of scene to Pittsburghers, shows an excellent use of the aquatint in its fine tonal quality. The combination of this medium, together with the etched line, has been used in Morris Henry Hobbs's "Village Depot" to remind us of the always somewhat depressing loneliness of a country waiting room. And again, by William Sharp in the lumbering slowness of Sancho Panza pitted against the nervous energy of Don Quixote. He has given freshness and new vigor to this favorite and timeworn subject.

The simple etching seems to have gone somewhat out of fashion, although it is represented in this exhibition by a few outstanding examples. Federico

Castellon's "Visiting Day" commands our attention. This excellent print, while it is drawn in a natural and realistic style, carries an intangibly heavy note of sadness and foreboding in the inscrutable plodding couple intent upon their mission. It is interesting to observe that the surrealist "Allegorical Scene" by this artist, in the concurrent exhibition of "Painting in the United States," is more linear in feeling than the more painterly print.

More conservative subjects, such as Ernest Roth's "Coentic's Slip—Manhattan," in the Whistler-Pennell tradition; "New England Covered Bridge," by Eda Benson, portraying Loggie's pale and delicate "Flowering Madonna;" and the fine portrait study of Emily Waite, called "Evening Gazette"—all these illustrate the artist's genuine delight in exploiting this medium.

Antonio Gattorno departs from the conventional in his etching of "Venus and Cavalier," a modern variation of a theme dear to the Renaissance. It is not derivative but suggests the visual interpretation of a motif of that period, important to them but for us shed of its meaning and developed into mere whimsy. Far from the levity of fancy, and taking a more serious turn, is Fabri's



GASPÉ FISHERMEN

Lithograph by Grant M. Simon

"Rape of Europa," wherein the delightful myth of Europa and Zeus has been metamorphosized into a ponderous editorial and given the dreadful significance of the devastation of Europe—a popular misconception of the classical legend.

The richness of the drypoint is ever a favorite tool with artists, and its possibilities have been carried to their fullest powers in such prints as Lowell

C. Bobleter's "Matt's Cove," in the painterly "Watering Goats" by Costigan, and the beautiful and quiet "Low Country Cabin" by Alfred Hutty. If such a thing were possible, it could be said that this print has onomatopoeia. For the most part these are pleasing and quiet subjects but an interesting variation is "Le Sacre du Printemps, III," by



SANCHO PANZA AND DON QUIXOTE

Aquatint and Etching by William Sharp



STILL LIFE WITH FLOWERS

Lithograph by George Laurence Nelson

Helen King Boyer. This is an intellectual attempt to probe beyond the superficial pleasantries of everyday subjects and to delve into the mysteries of pagan iconography. The artist is a native of Pittsburgh, and in the competition was awarded a prize for this aluminum drypoint, which becomes therefore part of the permanent Pennell Collection in the Congressional Library.

The special qualities of the wood engraving are demonstrated here by such able stand-bys as Clare Leighton, with her "Tobacco Loopers," a tempting bit for some large cigarette concern; and Fritz Eichenberg, who, in his illustration for "Wuthering Heights," obtains a mood comparable to that achieved by the author of the power of the elements. Grace Albee, in "A Hungarian-American Farm," shows both a sensitive feeling for her subject and an almost unsurpassed skill in the silvery delicacy of her use of the medium, through a skillful manipulation of the white line on black. Todros Geller reveals the intensity of Hebraic religious emotion in "And When the Rabbi Sings." This same Hebraic quality through intensified suffering, today liberated from the old injunctions

against visual expression, has resulted in some of our more impressive painting. Another excellent example of the wood engraving is E. Hubert Deines' "Mother's Horseshoe Geranium," charming in its clear-cut simplicity and without any apparent striving for effect.

Of the two woodcuts in the exhibition, Helen West Heller's "Second Front—Commandos," an interesting, two-dimen-

sional, decorative impression of a military theme, overshadows the slightly prosaic "Billy and Benton's Barn," by the better-known J. J. Lankes. A return to the more simple processes of linoleum cuts and color block prints seems to be in vogue, for the most part depicting mild, innocuous, and pretty country scenes. Outstanding are Samuel Greenburg's "Removing Slag," with considerable interest in sharp contrasts of highlights on black, and the "Artist in a Wine-cellar" by Norman Kent, who uses the medium of linoleum to the best advantage. Pittsburghers, with access to the Carnegie Museum, are not overpowered by Marguerite Kumm's "Sunday Afternoon," with its pretensions to dinosaurial dignity. Woldemar Neufeld's "Chardon in Winter" seems especially suited to the color block medium because of its simplification, in which the suggestion of a folk painting seems justified.

The increasing amount of color in exhibitions of prints suggests that there is a definite turning away from an interest limited to line and values. The introduction of the silk screen, a comparatively recent development, brings variety and a new departure to the



graphic arts. For those especially interested in its history and mechanics, Carl Zigrosser of the Philadelphia Museum of Art has written an excellent account in *Print Collector's Quarterly*, volume 28, 1941. Actually it is an old process, and the incorrigible Chinese are accredited with its invention about two thousand years ago. Of late, it has been used commercially for posters and show cards and the printing of textiles, and still more recently has come, like many methods of reproduction, to be thought of as a medium worthy of original design. Its greatest virtue is, of course, color. Because of its limitations it may be better suited to decoration rather than to the portrayal of specific ideas. Its possibilities are realized in several examples in this exhibition. "Auction," of Harry Shokler, is a decorative account of a typical American scene, and "Convoy," by Frank Davidson seems to be especially skilful in the blending of colors to give a natural effect not often attempted in this medium. Exactly the opposite in treatment is Margaret Sarah Lewis' "Lower Manhattan," showing its special adaptability to modern design. The most outstanding demonstration of the medium is that of Guy Maccoy in "Three Trees and a Low Sky." This artist has worked in the silk screen print, now known as the serigraph—a word derived from Greek roots meaning silk drawing—since 1932 and is considered one of its pioneers.

The chameleonlike quality of lithography in taking on aspects of all the print processes marks it as the most versatile of media and especially suited for broad variations in style and subject. From the point of view of beautiful and sound lithography, George Laurence Nelson's "Still Life with Flowers" is probably the most outstanding print of the exhibition. It is excellent in composition and original in the choice and grouping of objects. Each item by itself, surrounded by that air of mystery which belongs somehow only to "things," takes on an addi-

tional intriguing appeal in the juxtaposition of all—salpiglossis and sweet-william in a blue Staffordshire bowl, a daguerrotype of a charming lady of the late nineteenth century, and an early printed book!

Beautiful lithographic tone is obtained also in "On the Top," by Victoria Hutson Huntley, in the touching sentiment of Marion Greenwood's "New Year's Eve," and in Alfeo Verecchia's "Time—Tideworn," in which one sees an attempt in a realistic subject to give the unreality of surrealistic implications. "Gaspé Fishermen," by Grant Simon, attracts by its dynamic and striking composition, an interesting variation of values which attains for the artist the desolate cold of a northern fishing village.

A coarser use of the lithographic crayon may be seen in "The Common Cold," by Alfred Bendiner, which in execution does not live up to the originality of its subject. The laughter is constrained. Humor, always at its best uncalculated, is perhaps more successfully rendered in line, a naturally



VISITING DAY  
Etching by Federico Castellón

freer and more impulsive pictorial device than an arrangement of values. A more spontaneous bit of innocent enjoyment is Kyra Markham's "Fire Hydrant, Bleecker Street." Doris Lee, intent upon representing the American tradition, has perhaps emphasized too many irrelevant details to carry the conviction of the title "Thanksgiving." The sweeping, moving crayon stroke of Earle Miller's "Ephrata Cloister" inappropriately records the peace and quietness of the eighteenth-century religious center. But this same vibrant style is well suited to Thomas Benton's "Homeward Bound," in which he dramatically presents for our consideration, in the horizontal waving lines of the composition, an idea of speed in nature as contrasted to the machine.

Several of the far-reaching powers of the lithograph may often be seen within the limits of one print, as in Kevin O'Callahan's "Stern Frame No. 2," where the dynamic forcefulness of ship-building and the peace of reflected shadows in the water form an arresting composition.

An interesting variation in technique is Russell Limbach's delicate lithograph, "The Observatory—Night," having the translucency of the aquatint. It recalls for Pittsburghers their own observatory in old Allegheny. Further departure technically from what one usually thinks of in connection with the lithograph is the one by Dorothy Lake Gregory called "Brief Moment," in the use of a white line on a black background closely resembling a wood engraving. Possibilities of the lithograph as book illustration may be visualized in the delightful vignettelike "Virginia Underpass," by Edward R. Burroughs.

The prints hang in the Balcony of Sculpture Hall, where they help to give a pleasant intimacy to an otherwise large and somewhat overpowering space. It might be amusing to recall for a moment some of Pennell's idiosyncracies concerning the installation of an exhibition of prints. As we gather from

his own writings, he would have been most unhappy to have seen here violations of print propriety, as apparently he was at almost every exhibition of any kind he attended during his lifetime. Where are the round corners and octagon-shaped rooms so necessary for the proper display of prints? Where is that even top line of pictures, a given distance from the ceiling, running all around the gallery? Where, indeed, the velarium? Frames, he states as an ultimatum, must be white or creamy enamel—pale blue or rose lines painted on—but never brown or natural wood. He would have found comfort in the pieces of sculpture placed intermittently among the prints, for to him such a device for variety's sake seemed justified. And the silk screen and color blocks might have pleased him too, for he believed also in interrupting the monotony of black and white with water colors and pastels. Fortunately for us Mr. Pennell did not incorporate his prejudices in his bequests and we can hang our prints as we see fit. The present exhibition seems to be especially well arranged and hung in Henry R. Nash's fine walnut frames, which hold the prints together as a unit and enhance the beauty of each one.

The exhibition will continue through December 12.

#### IMPULSE IN ART

The attitude of the average American toward painting shows frightening evidence of a cultural lag. This has caused society in some periods of history to allow its most creative members to starve amidst jeers, while the superficial painter with a knack of popular appeal, or the artist who repeats one set of formula is paid fabulous sums for works which sink into oblivion a few years later.

—PEGGY FRANK  
[Director, Cincinnati Modern Art Society]

#### THE RULER AND THE RIGHT

When the ruler himself does what is right, he will have influence over the people without giving commands, and when the ruler himself does not do what is right, all his commands will be of no avail.

—CONFUCIUS



## THE GARDEN OF GOLD



As all readers of the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* must have noticed, the last issue was marked by the omission of a feature in which its former editor took so much pride and joy. Poor Jason, that earnest toiler in this Garden, had passed on to other and more glorious fields of activity, and it seems as though a gay spirit had left us. As long as he was able, he did all in his power to develop interest in the financial needs, as well as the spiritual activities, of the various enterprises with which he was connected. In addition to recording donations to the Carnegie Institute and Library, he was most earnest at all times to emphasize the importance to the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and thus to this whole community, the need and the obligation of meeting the offer of the Carnegie Corporation of New York to give \$8,000,000 in 1946 to the permanent endowment fund of that institution, provided that \$4,000,000 should be forthcoming from other sources. Though he is gone, that work to which he and his associates dedicated so much of their time and energy must go on. We must not fail either him or the imperative duty which lies ahead. So while the Garden of Gold in its old sense can hardly be the same again, a department will be maintained under the same name to keep alive and active the work which lies before us and as a place in which record can be made of gifts which will be made to this great purpose.

On October 3 there occurred the death of Mr. George T. Ladd, a trustee and a member of the Executive Committee of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Mr. Ladd had been most active and interested in the work of Tech in his lifetime, and at his death it was learned that in his will he had made generous provision for the future. Being himself

the son of a famous college professor, he knew, probably better than most, the vital importance of the faculty, and in his will he created a foundation, to be divided into four parts, two of which were to be for the service of hospitals in which he was interested, and the remaining two to be used to enable Carnegie Tech to help in securing a faculty "equal or superior to any engineering college in the country." What this will come to in funds cannot be estimated at the present time, but that it will be substantial there is certainly no doubt.

In recent months many gifts from loyal alumni to the Carnegie Institute of Technology Endowment Fund have been received, some allocated to the various memorial or scholarship funds set up for such purposes and some to the general and unrestricted uses of that Institute. Most of these have been noted from time to time in this Magazine, with the exception of the two new ones recently inaugurated. One of these is a fund in honor of Willibald Trinks, so well known since 1905 to many of the alumni as head of the department of mechanical engineering at Carnegie Tech. A gift of \$100 from Emmert F. Harchelroad in October started this fund and it has already received an additional sum of \$5 from Leonard Hardis. The other new fund, which will also be included in the 1946 Endowment Fund, is a scholarship fund in memory of Clifford B. Connelley. It was started by a gift of \$100 from Martin F. Murphy, Jr.

Beside these two new funds, there have been recent contributions to those previously mentioned here. The Class of 1917 Engineering Scholarship has been augmented by additional gifts from Anthony J. Kerin amounting to \$30. The Crabtree Memorial Scholarship Fund for students in metallurgy has

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

received \$100 from Louis A. Scholl, Jr. and \$25 from J. H. Penske, Jr. And the William S. Andrews Memorial Scholarship Fund has been increased recently by a gift of \$25 from Mrs. A. M. Hyatt.

In the September issue of the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* credit was given erroneously to the McGraw-Hill Book Company for a gift of royalties from the fourth edition of Robert B. Leighou's "Chemistry of Engineering Materials."

These royalties are a gift from faculty members of the chemistry department of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, who revised the original text to this edition and who have made gifts of their royalties at various times, which now represent a gift to the Chemistry Research Fund of the 1946 Endowment Fund that totals over \$1,000. Proceeds of this fund are to be used to improve and extend the facilities of the department for research in pure chemistry. The donors are the following professors: J. C. Warner, T. R. Alexander, J. P. Fugassi, D. S. McKinney, H. Seltz, G. H. Stempel, and K. K. Stevens.

Since the September issue of the Magazine the Chemistry Research Fund has also been augmented by the sum of \$15 from Herbert S. Strickler and by several anonymous gifts amounting to \$177.

Adding all these gifts to those already received by the three Carnegie institutions, and previously acknowledged from month to month, brings the totals in cash gifts to the following amounts: \$1,366,422.95 for the Carnegie Institute; \$42,629.12 for the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, and for the Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$230,745.68 for operation and equipment, and for the 1946 Endowment Fund, \$1,923,792.54. There is still the sum of \$2,760,207.46 to be raised before the offer of the Carnegie Corporation of New York can be met, which provides that that body will give \$8,000,000 to the Carnegie Institute of Technology Endowment Fund upon condition that \$4,000,000 shall be

raised from other sources for this purpose. One third of the \$4,000,000 may be in buildings. This offer expires on June 30, 1946.

## POPULAR PRIZE FOR "PAINTING IN THE UNITED STATES"

VISITORS to "Painting in the United States" will again have an opportunity to express their opinions as to the picture they like best in the Founder's Day Exhibition, for the Fine Arts Committee has authorized a Popular Prize of \$200 to be awarded to the painting receiving the largest number of votes. The purpose of the prize is to encourage visitors to study the paintings and to express their preferences in accordance with their own standards of criticism.

All the paintings in the exhibition, with the exception of the one by Marsden Hartley, who died just before the opening of the show, will be eligible for the award. Voting will be by signed ballot, during the two-week period between November 21 and December 5, inclusive. After the balloting, one week will remain, before the exhibition closes on December 12, in which the public may revisit the galleries to see the Popular Prize Painting and also to review the exhibition as a whole.

The Popular Prize was initiated by the Carnegie Institute in 1924 in connection with the International Exhibitions, and in all but one of the fifteen years in which it was offered was won by American artists. The living painters who were thus honored are Malcolm Parcell (1924 and 1925), Leopold Seyffert (1926 and 1930), James Chapin (1929), Daniel Garber (1933), and Luigi Lucioni (1939). They are all represented in the current show, which contains three hundred and four canvases, each by a different American artist.

## MELLON-CARNEGIE MUSEUM EXPEDITION TO THE MACKENZIE DELTA

BY ARTHUR C. TWOMEY

*Assistant Curator, Section of Ornithology, Carnegie Museum*

### II.

[The results of Dr. Twomey's collecting, which will benefit the Carnegie Museum in every department, includes 502 birds, 79 sets of birds' eggs, 100 small mammals, 4 grizzly bears, 453 lepidoptera, 300 sheets of plants, and 40 collections of snails. He explored the difficult terrain in a very efficient way, covering 1,500 miles by canoe, 650 miles by Eskimo schooner, 250 miles into the Richards Mountains by foot, 600 miles by dog team, 200 miles by tractor sledge, and 3,000 miles by plane from Edmonton to Aklavik and return. This exploration trip extended from March 1942 to January 1943.]



THE geese covered the island like banks of drifted snow. The air, sea, and land flickered with restless white birds whose shrill, falsetto cries melted into a clamorous rumble that was startling in this

lonely arctic land. Just around the north end of the island a wide channel to the sea was piling up to great white frothing crests that splashed out on the shallows. We unloaded the canoe and pitched camp on the northeast side of the island, away from the main colony of geese. A lone pair nested within seventy-five yards of our tent. They were a little disturbed at first, but in a short time the old goose cautiously slipped to her nest and before long was incubating her large, creamy eggs with complete indifference to the intruders who had been blown in by the storm.

That night heavy fog and wet clouds kept rolling over, bringing a polar chill, and reminding us that the great ice pack of Beaufort Sea was close off the outer reefs. The next morning a warm sun and the sound of thousands of clamoring geese caused an early stir in our camp. As soon as we finished breakfast, we were off to explore.

Along with forty-two pairs of black brants, one pair of swans, numerous old squaw ducks, northern phalaropes, and semipalmated sandpipers, I estimated seventy-five thousand pairs of lesser snow geese nesting there. The geese were our most urgent concern, for they were already setting. I watched a devoted pair from the shelter of a drift log. Honking at me to be on my way, the gander would begin talking to the goose in low reassuring tones as he edged her toward the nest. But my log pile looked too suspicious, and pretending to have no interest whatsoever in her nest, she would shy off, plucking grass tips. The gander brought the goose to the nest five times before she finally settled on the eggs.

The nests were spaced from ten to fifteen yards or more from the closest neighbor and evidently represented a territory, for the gander never allowed another bird to approach beyond a certain limit. The irate male would charge any interloper and beat him soundly with his hard pinions. Since this behavior was characteristic throughout the whole colony, there were thousands of quarreling, squabbling geese, constantly challenging or chasing each other. White feathers were scattered conspicuously around the combat areas.

While we were eating lunch the next day, Roger began to shout in front of the tent. I rushed out to see what all the commotion was about, and there,



not more than two hundred yards away, was a pair of parasitic jaegers hovering over a goose nest. The gander took the initiative and flew at the two robbers, but the jaegers easily avoided his awkward charge. The goose waddled over to help her mate, but the moment the gander chased one jaeger, the other dropped like a flash to the nest and promptly pecked a hole in one of the eggs and gulped down the contents. First one and then the other jaeger teased the pair of frantic geese from their nest, always keeping just out of reach. The jaegers would have destroyed the whole nest had not Roger chased them away. To our delight, we found that only one of the five eggs had been destroyed. When we left the vicinity the pair of worried, gabbling geese waddled up to survey the damage and by the time we reached the tent the goose was contentedly setting on her remaining eggs. The statuesque gander stood close by, with the determination and bearing of a warrior. He was a defiant figure, symbolic of the protective parental instincts of all living creatures. The pair of black marauders were still winging gracefully over the colony, with others of their

kind, their slender wings and graceful long spiked tails adding beauty to every movement. Carelessness on the part of a gander would bring the whole black band to the feast. For the full twenty-four hours of arctic summer daylight, during the six or eight weeks that the geese are on their breeding grounds, they must be constantly watchful. The jaegers nested on the edge of the tundra lakes of the surrounding islands that lay between four and ten miles away, and each day they would come to the great "wavy" colony to hunt their prey.

Equally destructive are the big white glaucous gulls, the burgomasters of the feathered arctic tribes. Much larger than the jaegers, they are armed with powerful bills, capable of inflicting severe wounds. They were particularly ruinous later in the season, when the golden downy snow geese were hatching. Down they would swoop, and a hapless gosling would dangle limply from the bill of the gull. This enemy stayed with the goose families until they were fully grown, following them twenty to thirty miles upriver to their molting grounds.

But, lest we become too prejudiced against these predatory gulls and jaegers, let us go over to a



TATOOING ON THE CHIN WAS PART OF THE ANCIENT ESKIMO MARRIAGE CEREMONY





FROM THE TAIL OF THE FIRST WHALE BEACHED  
THE CHILDREN CUT THEIR MUKTUK

jaeger's nest on an exposed mound near the edge of a clear tundra pool. The pair will meet you long before you are within three hundred yards of their nest. As you approach the nest containing the two tiny, dark gray, downy helpless babies, they become frantic. They swoop in close and drop to the soft mossy ground a few yards away, where, in an attempt to distract attention from their nest, they begin the greatest clowning act put on by any bird. With long wings held directly over their backs, they prance about in a stiff-legged bouncing act, uttering plaintive cries as they edge off at right angles to their nest. These birds must live, just as all other creatures on the earth. They fit into nature's complicated scheme and must eat to survive.

The anemones, or crocuses, were among the earliest of the arctic flora to push up into the light of the mid-night sun. During early July the is-

lands became cosmic flower gardens overnight. We knew that summer had arrived when the hills were painted blue with lupine and the white arctic heather broke over the tundra slopes. Louseworts came in two distinct colors, a pink and a yellow variety. They are so orchidlike in appearance that they seemed out of

place on the bleak arctic meadows. As the season advanced, the symphony of flowers flowed across the tundras. At first the dainty white blossoms of the dryas sprinkled the landscape, then came the tiny rhododendrons, turning everything pink. These diminutive flowers are quite a contrast to their immense relatives that are found in the Pennsylvania mountains. During each week of the short summer a variety of yellow composites continually added gaiety and freshness to the scene. We found patches of northern phalaropes nesting here and there among the



WOMEN AT WORK ON THE WHALE



WHALING CAMP AT KENDALL ISLAND

flowers. The drab little males did the housekeeping, while the brighter-plumaged females paraded their fancy feathers and paid not the least attention to domestic duties. The summer breeding range of this phalarope extends over the Arctic regions of North America. In the fall they gather in large flocks and start south to spend the winter months far out on the open ocean off the coasts of California, Peru, and Patagonia.

We were camping on Kendall Island, out on the coast, when Mrs. Twomey joined the expedition in early July. She had traveled "down north" on the H. B. sternwheeler, "The Mackenzie River," and from Aklavik on a native schooner crowded with several families of Eskimos and about twenty husky dogs. More schooners continued to arrive each day from all over the delta, for it was whaling time, a season of hunting and feasting and visiting. Whaling is an essential Eskimo industry; the meat and oil form the backbone of the Eskimo's diet and of that of his dogs as well. But it is work that has a picnic or holiday air about it, and an Eskimo would rather miss going to Aklavik for Easter than to miss the fun of whaling. They came with the

schooner decks piled high with people, dogs, canoes, engines, rifles, shotguns, bedrolls, boxes, tents, and great barrels, now empty and rancid but soon to be filled with ooksook, or whale oil. Sixteen craft, with littered decks, were anchored in the harbor cove. Tents dotted the lupine-strewn hillside as the whaling village sprang up.

The twenty-four hours of continuous daylight were so stimulating that the natives seemed never to go to bed. The children played games and the old people visited and gorged on whale meat all through the light-filled nights. They slept perforce only when they were exhausted or when there was an ebb in the whaling.

Good whaling days are few during the short summer, and every clear morning we would see old Oliver, the patriarch of the people, silhouetted on top of the lookout hill behind the camp, where he watched for whales to come in with the tide. Then he would scramble down off the steep hill, moving much too rapidly for his ancient legs, and announce that the whales were near.

I was busy working on some specimens one morning when one of the



NO RATION CARDS NEEDED HERE!

children opened the tent flap and told me that old Oliver wanted me to go after whales with him. Grabbing my cameras, I hurried to the beach. The men were already getting into the whaleboats, and the women were standing in little groups, watching their hunters start off. From the very beginning it was a thrilling hunt. The natives shed their thin veneer of civilization and reverted to the primitive. We rounded the harbor entrance and moved leisurely out on the open sea. At first another boat followed astern, then it veered off to our left to run parallel and be in position the moment whales were sighted. Suddenly everybody was shouting in unison, "Whales ahead, whales ahead, hundreds." In the distance the water was white, as if miles of reef frothed the horizon. With all this excitement going on, I was trying to get my camera set up at a vantage point, meanwhile warning the men not to obstruct my view. It was a regular madhouse as we closed in on a big one. The rifleman fired, there was a great commotion in the water and then only a churning wake. Oliver, the helmsman, watched every movement of the weaving whale

and waved his hand first to one side and then to the other as he directed the course of the boat. The whale sounded and surfaced again. The rifle cracked and the boat made frantic turns for two or three hundred yards. The big mammal broke the water again, and we could see that blood reddened the glistening white back. The harpoon was thrown in a long sweeping curve and landed with a thud. There was a short burst of speed and then the whale came to the surface. The whole wild crew shouted with joy. The women would have lots of work today, they said. In the next half hour a second white whale was killed and, with the two great hulks lashed to our gunnels, old Oliver pointed the boat toward camp. His weathered, wrinkled face was radiant. He was proud that his boat was returning with a prize catch. Two small white squares of cloth were tied to an upright harpoon shaft to tell the women, long before we reached the shore, that we had two whales to our credit.

The bow of the boat had scarcely scraped the gravelly beach before the whole encampment was helping to drag the great white carcasses out of the



THE AUTHOR OPENING UP A HOLE IN  
THE ICE TO REMOVE HIS FISH NET

water. With sharp oodlus—rounded Eskimo knives—the children rushed for the tails of the two whales and began slicing off long strips of muktuk from the tips. This part of the whale is considered a delicacy, and the youngsters suck and chew the raw muktuk, whacking off chunks at their mouths with dextrous strokes of their razor-sharp oodlus, missing their small flat noses by a hair's breadth. Muktuk tail takes the place of all-day suckers to the Eskimo child.

The final beaching of the carcass was the signal for the women to take over while the poor, overworked hunters sat around smoking their pipes, spinning yarns, and gorging themselves on whale meat. Kooolitah covers—the western version of the

parka—with the handsome wolf-trimmed hoods, were put aside for greasy high-smelling work parkas, and hand-embroidered mukluks changed for waterproof sealskin boots. The women worked in family groups on the particular whale that their hunter had harpooned. In this way the whole success of the venture depended, first, upon the skill of the hunter, and secondly, upon the ingenuity and strength of his women. The way these Eskimo women rolled up their sleeves and went to work was simply amazing. Their bare arms dripped with the gory blood, but their faces were happy and laughing under the smears of toil. When the hunting was good they worked night and day.

First the outer corklike covering of the skin—the muktuk—was cut into great long white slabs, six to eight feet long. These strips were next sliced into strings of squares and hung on log racks to dry in the sun for a few hours. Next they were dropped into a huge, round-bellied iron pot to be rendered into the strong-smelling ooksook, the concomitant of all Eskimo food. Under the blanket of muktuk lay the rich black meat that was carved off the bony frame into slabs that weighed from twenty to forty pounds. These were



FISH WERE USED FOR CAMP FOOD AS WELL AS  
TO SUPPLY WINTER DOG-TEAM TRIPS



WINTER HEADQUARTERS UNTIL THE PLANE TOOK US OUT

likewise cut into long strips and hung on the racks to cure. Nothing was wasted, not even the entrails and stomachs. The task of cleaning and preparing the stomachs, which were to be used later for gathering and storing tundra berries, fell to two sparsetoothed old women. They scraped the big red bags of stomach tissue clean and blew them up into huge grotesque balloons to dry. Even the crippled and blind were not liabilities, for they took care of the babies. The heroic struggle for existence amidst the arctic elements was written in the faces of all the older women, who had the ancient marriage sign, now discouraged, tattooed on their chins.

As the short summer advanced, more whales began to pile up. In one day alone, fourteen carcasses were dragged up on the blubber-smeared beach of Kendall. The barrels filled rapidly with ooksuk, and the schooners groaned under the heavy loads of meat, as the families moved their winter stores to permanent winter camps.

The delta was rapidly unfolding to me many of her hidden secrets, though hundreds of miles of canoe travel still lay ahead. We left our Eskimo friends

and the outer delta islands. Summer slipped into fall, and even yet our task was far from complete. The sun dipped below the horizon, staying down a little longer each day until, with a start, we realized that summer was over for another year.

When we found that the exigencies of transportation would keep us from leaving Aklavik until Christmas we were at first dismayed. But we were soon so occupied that there was no time to give our enforced stay a second thought. It gave us a chance to observe the last waves of migrant birds as they moved south and also to study the birds and animals under winter conditions. October was a whirl of activity. First, the cabin had to be made ready for winter use. The logs were chinked with an insulating mixture of mud and moss, and the interior was whitewashed to lighten the dark walls. We set about getting caribou clothing, which is made by the natives and is the warmest and most sensible thing for the arctic winter. The women made us fur parkas, fur trousers, and knee-high fur boots, or mukluks, which flaunted gay yarn tassels. They fashioned huge fur mitts from the skin of a barren-ground grizzly and tied



them with mitt strings that were positively giddy. They made ours just like their own—a riot of color that is used in the trimmings simply as a reaction against the dead whiteness of the long polar winter.

The water of the Peel was dropping rapidly, as many of its mountain tributaries began to freeze. Where we had once stepped off the bank into our canoe, there was now an additional ten feet of abrupt river bank and some 120 feet of thick brown river silt to wade through. The last Eskimo schooners had left for their winter camps on the lower delta. Nearly all the migrant birds were on their way south; only a few late Pacific and red-throated loons continued to fish in the river channel, growling hoarsely or calling hysterically when disturbed by a passing canoe. Finally, one day, a wavy line of white birds calling in excited high voices, and wheeling to a little higher altitude as they passed over the settlement, warned us of an impending storm. Surely enough, twenty-four hours later the first heavy snow storm swept down from the polar sea. More and more great flocks of snow geese kept coming out of the North—musical in the distance and then clamoring and discordant as they passed over, only to vanish into the South, leaving a fading song to remind us of happier, warm spring days that were gone and still others to come with another spring.

For several days now, spongy ice had been forming along the edges of the river on cold crisp nights, and crystals tinkled and sparkled under the immense moonlit star-splashed arctic sky. The lakes behind the settlement were frozen over solidly, and great sheets of slush were running in the river. It had been snowing nearly all morning on October 17. In the late afternoon I went out in a small dory to look at my herring nets. That night it was wild and stormy, with snow falling spasmodically. A northeaster raged during the early evening, but at midnight the wind suddenly died down. The river seemed

unusually active—as if a great brigade of canoes were passing downstream, their paddles rubbing the gunnels and splashing lightly in the dark waters. Then crunching noises began coming out of the night. Next morning, as a chilled sun shot its long rays over the village, the river froze over with a smooth glazed surface that reflected the crimson and gold of the early sun. Winter was here. There was much work ahead. Within twenty-four hours, the ice was two inches thick and we were setting herring nets under the ice. The herring were still running, and this was our last chance to get a big haul for our own use as well as for a necessary dog team, for winter “gasoline” in the North consists of fish for the dogs. Many of the natives, especially the Indians, had vacationed all summer, depending upon this one run for their entire winter’s fish supply. Should they fail to get enough in this one last opportunity, both they and their dogs would face a winter of privation and an ever increasing debt with the traders. Fish would sell for as much as twenty-five to fifty cents a pound by Christmas, and one dog alone will eat from two to three pounds each day.

Time moved rapidly as winter gathered momentum. We cut and hauled our winter’s supply of ice, for this was the simplest method of keeping the barrel full of fresh water. The days began to shorten, until we were measuring in hours of darkness rather than daylight. The sun brushed the horizon for a few days, then disappeared altogether in early December. Only the bright reflection from the southern horizon gave us our first morning light—little more than twilight—at eleven o’clock in the morning. Total darkness dropped like a black curtain at four in the afternoon. Sometimes, when there was no moon, the heavens seemed literally to open up, as shimmering, transparent veils of soft green, yellow, blue, purple, violet, and pink light skipped and danced from the very zenith. Again, they slithered across the sky in soft waving motions



or moved with the speed of lightning. Some of the Indians and Eskimos traveled during the bright moonlight nights, and others during the few hours of daylight. Nobody seemed to mind the prolonged darkness. Lights burned throughout the "day," and life went on much as usual.

There were rumors about the mail plane. First it would arrive in a week, and no passengers were to be taken out; then it would be a big freighting plane that was coming in, and all passengers would get out. Just how these stories started nobody knew. An innocent statement at one end of the snow-bound settlement would fairly fly to the other end, picking up distorted facts on the way. But, in spite of the rumors, the plane did drop out of the gray sky very unexpectedly one afternoon. It was a freighter, and soon the North was rapidly becoming a memory.

## A NEW TRUSTEE

ON November 8, 1943, Harlow B. Kirkpatrick was chosen president of the Board of Public Education of Pittsburgh to succeed Alexander P. Reed, who resigned on November 1. This position makes him automatically an ex-officio member of the boards of trustees of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, the Carnegie Institute, and the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

A civil engineer, Mr. Kirkpatrick is a graduate of the University of Illinois. He spent five years after graduation in the Philippine Islands, working there for the Philippine Government. In 1912 he joined the Koppers Company and he is now president and manager of Koppers Building, Inc.

Mr. Kirkpatrick is active in both civic and religious groups in Pittsburgh. He is a member and past president of the board of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, as well as chairman of their flood control committee. He is a member and former president of the board of the Building



HARLOW B. KIRKPATRICK

Owners and Managers Association of Pittsburgh. He is a vestryman at the Church of the Ascension, and has been an active member of the Board of Public Education since February 1940.

## THE AMERICAN SCHOOL BOY

Isn't it high time that in our schools we should devote our whole program to a positive approach to American history and to our American life so that every boy and girl will come to realize that what we have accomplished should be accomplished only under our constitution of a free government and of the Bill of Rights? Let us teach so that our American youth will go forth with courage to defend the American way of life to the end that they will die upon their feet before they will consent to live for an hour upon their knees under the slavery of a dictatorship.

—BEN G. GRAHAM  
[Former Superintendent  
Pittsburgh Public Schools]

## THE ACCUMULATION OF WISDOM

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

—BACON

# PAINTING IN THE UNITED STATES

BY DOROTHY GRAFLY

[Dorothy Grafly is the daughter of Charles Grafly (1862-1929) American sculptor, whose portrait bust of Duveneck is in the Carnegie Institute collection of bronzes. Formerly art editor of the Philadelphia Record, Miss Grafly came to Pittsburgh to review the exhibition, "Painting in the United States," for the Christian Science Monitor. She is now director of art and research for Philip Regan Associates, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. For this organization she publishes Art Outlook, and this review appeared in that publication. It is reprinted here with permission of Philip Regan Associates.]

**I**F the vitality of the United States as a nation derives from the melting pot of peoples, her creative vigor may be traced to the melting pot of art.

That she has become both is abundantly suggested in the current "Painting in the United States" national salon which this year replaces the war-killed International at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

In art as in science we are reaping a harvest from creative abilities driven from other lands. By absorbing them (artists represented have at least taken out first naturalization papers) we score emotional gains.

Two trends are unmistakable, that toward a deepening of imaginative values and that toward charm—a word obsolete these many years in the United States art vocabulary!

Whether developed in the abstract (Max Ernst in "Night and Day") or in allegory (Eugene Berman's "Les Filles du Feu" and Don Diego's cobweb-linked man-made ruins belching flame against eternal hills, "What Are They Going To Do Next?") there is firsthand conviction of experience in the warp and woof of refugee paint. Quality of emotion thus breeds quality of thought.

Either through impact of association or through its own reactions, United States art itself begins to feel as well as see. Yesterday it was a-twitter with social comment. Emaciated people sat at empty tables. Well-being was anathema. Today, in the midst of rationing, unpredictable art paints well-fed families giving thanks for a full repast. What has happened? Perhaps there is stirring a realization of what we have

as against the have-not of other peoples. Perhaps here, too, the leaven of the refugee is working. Yesterday we cried to heaven against our ugliness and our privations. Now we know that elsewhere there is worse ugliness and more privation. Consciously or unconsciously this realization has touched our thinking and our emotions.

At times it is as if our art had been an empty stage-set waiting for animation. Henry Mattson's lugubriously heavy seas, for instance, become background for torpedo-wrecked shipping and struggling lifeboats.

Gone are American slums, torn houses, wasted humanity. In their place is such a canvas as Jon Corbino's closely knit study of figures "Coming up from the Beach," a paint-formed, emotionally mature canvas that indicates the progress of this country's art away from arbitrarily placed figures posed separately and synthetically united (Robert Brackman's "On the Shore of the Connecticut"). At last we are losing our self-consciousness!

But charm is another thing, subtler, more evanescent. You feel it in Claude Domez's fantasy, "Unicorn" with nuances of woods and light; in "Rockport Cake Sale" by Iver Rose, a canvas pulsing with delicate yet tense pigments and brushed by satire; in Frank Mechau's "Saturday P.M." with its wild West flavor of rampant horses beautifully controlled by flow of line, forms, and color finesse.

Yet not one of these canvases rated the prize list. Neither did the outstanding portrait, alive with personality and untouched by formal suavity,

"William Raeburn White," by Franklin Watkins. Every canvas irrespective of previous honors was eligible. What the jury (four museum men) chose stressed the variety of the show rather than its portent. To Wayman Adams went the \$1,000 first prize for a brilliantly spontaneous sketch of the cellist "Gregor Piatigorsky," (largest canvas in the show); to Robert Gwathmey, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts trained, a second of \$700 for "Hoeting," flatly painted, with innuendoes of soil starvation in the South; while a third, \$500, was awarded to "White Cloud," a clear, hard, clever rendering of brown furrowed earth by John Rogers Cox, also Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts trained.

Mentions began with "The Florist" (\$400 first) by John Koch, an overdressed medley of Impressionism Manet to Renoir; "Sorrow" (\$300 second) chiaroscuresque light and shade figure composition by Hilde B. Kayn; "I Got a Harp" (\$200 third) negro spiritual in pulsing blue, white, black and gold by Dan Lutz, a sparkling and emotionally tense conception, and "Cemetery" (\$100 fourth) etchinglike decoration framing in an avenue of slim trees flanked by tombstones a tiny white figure.

It is one thing to sense variety; another to track down its meaning. No one picture or group of pictures renders the show significant. Perhaps the grand prize should go to United States painting itself, that fast developing medley of much that is good, much that is too little known—Horace Pippin, West Chester negro painter, crashes the Carnegie for the first time—and which, as a composite, portends a rich creative future.

#### EDUCATION THROUGH LIFE

Today, with vastly increased leisure and educational facilities, the common working man can become as broadly educated as were formerly only the aristocratic few. And if the masses are taught to use their leisure in such a way as to enrich their lives, this can be made a more civilized world.

—HARRY A. OVERSTREET

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